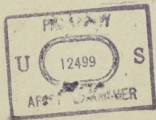


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*visit
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Ray Toledo*



Mrs. R. L. Davis
1619 Boston
Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Wm Faulkner

2nd
Jan. 30, 1944
Germany

Dear Folks:

The weather's pretty chilly now, and no sign of getting warmer. This afternoon it snowed again, but the net result of over two days snow was not enough to cover the ground. Snowy weather is pretty jolly tho', as long as you're inside and warm: those poor boys on the front are the ones who get pretty cold. Lately I've made my first visits to the front lines. It's about like the news-reels show, with everyone living in fox-holes or excavations of some kind. In one place they had dug under a hay stack, and had a cellar-like entrance and a protruding smoke-stack. Everywhere in the gutted villages approaching the Front, you see wrecked buildings, and smoke-stacks and crooked chimneys

sticking out of the cellars: all the cellar windows blocked or stuffed up with rubble, to keep out the cold.

One learns several things up here, little battle sidelites: When a single Jerry plane comes over and drops a bomb, you sit and hold your breath, because they carry 2. [Such as just happened. The 1st one landed within 2 blocks, we waited abt. 5 min. for the second one - further away.] Also when you just hear the whistle of a shell, you duck to the earth, because it's "incoming mail." When there's an explosion at 1st, then the whistle isn't worry, it's "outgoing mail." Today I did my 1st ducking, while out "paying a visit" to the front. Jerry shelled the grain elevator where we were loading wheat. The loading was interrupted by three trips down cellar.

Love, Bob